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GAR SQUARE.

## OPENING THE BOOKS.

HOW CIRCULATION HAS GROWN.

Total number of "WORLDS" printed each year under present proprietorship:

1883.....12,235,238

1884.....28,519,785

1885.....51,241,267

1886.....70,126,041

1887.....83,389,828

1888.....104,473,650

1889.....121,906,360

MULTIPLIED BY TEN.

Average daily circulation during the first year of the present proprietorship.

1883-33,541.

Average circulation per day during

1889-333,990.

HOW "WANTS" HAVE GROWN.

Total number of "WANTS" each year in "THE WORLD" under present proprietorship:

1883.....86,577

1884.....258,782

1885.....448,793

1886.....525,024

1887.....602,391

1888.....651,941

1889.....702,849

CATTLE GARDEN.

The pinkish brown, weather-beaten old

Cattle Garden, where the immigrants to

these shores first plant their foreign souls

on American territory, may cease to be

the landing place for these refugees. Sec-

retary Winnow has asked for a letter from

the Collector of Customs here giving his

views on the subject. He inclosed for the

Collector's consideration the report made

on the subject by Mr. W. P. Hep-

burn, Solicitor of the Treasury, who was

charged with an investigation of the im-

migration to this port.

The Government is considering whether

it may not be better to discontinue with

the Commissioners of Emigration altogether

and assume the duties of receiving the in-

genious alien itself.

Mr. Hepburn considered it a mild of-

frontery for the State of New York,

which is largely benefited by the expend-

iture of the immigration fund, to ask the

Government to pay the interest on a

\$200,000 mortgage on Ward's Island,

which is State property. The Board of

Emigration also receive \$11,000 for cer-

tain rentals and privileges in the Garden,

which would have no value if the im-

migrants did not land there.

It is hard to see to what use the old

building would be put if the immigrants

do not use it. It can hardly be applied

to its early use as a concert hall, though

it is admirably adapted for that. It is too

far out of reach of people. The old thing

had many vicissitudes. Which will be

the next?

THE UNING OF THE WIND.

Yesterday was the day for the wind to

have its turn. People who are fond of

variety must regard the American climate

as a precious boon. If it were constant

and cloying it is not because of a monotonous

continuance of the same state of weather.

To meet it successfully one needs to be

rapid-change artist. Even so it would be

trying for one to have to carry a grim-

ace down town with him containing a

Winter or a Summer suit, according to

the morning.

What was needed yesterday was a sheet

anchor to windward. Here in the city

the damage and casualties wrought by

the rampart blow were not great. But in

the West and through this State the rav-

ages of the wind storm were serious

enough. At Clinton, Ky., eleven persons

were killed and nearly seventy buildings

## MY LADY'S RIDING BOOTS.

Fashionable Footgear Adopted by

Fashionable Equestriennes.

Comfort and Elegance Combined in

Costumes for Horseback Exercise.

Visitors to Central Park find days this

Winter may come to the conclusion that

all New York, or at least all fashionable

New York, has taken to the saddle.

The weather since the first of October

has been extremely favorable for eque-

strism, and the fact, which has been

growing more and more popular with

both ladies and gentlemen for two or

three seasons, is now the accepted thing.

It is encouraged from every quarter.

For besides being a delightful amusement,

horseback riding is a splendid exercise,

and makes the rider a good walker as

well; strengthens the muscles of the back

and abdomen so that the rider finds no

difficulty in an erect carriage.

The effect of the exertion required by

this delightful exercise, and the fanning

of the exhilarating breezes, is to bring

the bright roses of health to the pale

cheek and work up appetites fit to breed

a famine.

All about the Park are riding schools,

occupying large buildings, and here the

young woman and her escort are taught

the art of sitting a horse, and in a few

lessons even the most timid girl learns to

ride gracefully and with comfort to her-

self. Then two or three lessons more

and she makes her debut in the beautiful

Park bridle-paths.

Just in proportion to the efficiency

of the rider, and the more frequent the

rides, the notion of long laces, hang-

ing far below the stirrup, is seen to be

not only useless, but bothersome, and in case

of a stumble or a fall, the rider is un-

derfully liable to be thrown. The rider,

therefore, has a tendency to a shorten-

ing of the stirrups. This necessitates

the wearing of long boots, and the man-

ufacture of riding footgear, both for

ladies and gentlemen, is developing into

a specialty.

At present fashion admits of but little

ornamentation in the way of gold and

colors and tassels to gentlemen's riding

boots, but the ladies' riding boots are

plainer, as he does in the ballroom or at

the theatre. No gentleman at all con-

versant with fashion will wear patent leather

boots when riding. They must be of

calfskin, stitched with black and only

just enough of that to hold the parts to-

gether.

The professor at the riding academy

may adorn his pedal extremities with

high-topped riding-boots of calf or

vealskin, embroidered with white or fancy

leathers. This picturesque personage may

also, in fact, generally does, wear a

riding-suit of drab or fawn color or buff;

but the gentleman rider to be in full

must have a modest hue and his boots

must be of the ordinary cut and height,

with a broad heel, seven-eighths of an

inch high, and a broad tread, a heavy

sole and a broad, heavy crown to sup-

port him in the stirrup.

His boots must have tops wide enough

to admit his ordinary trousers, and they

cost him from \$12 to \$20 a pair.

But if the gentleman may not wear

patent leather, neither may the ladies

wear calf.

There are some equestriennes who

persist in clinging to the old-fashioned riding

habit, and there are others who assert

that the old-fashioned habit is better, and

they have personal reasons for not wish-

ing to display their feet.

Those who find the short skirt so

much more comfortable and have no

reason for hiding their pedal extremities,

exercise considerable pretty ingenuity in

their selection of footgear, so that a

lady's view is pleasing to the looker on

and not distasteful to the rider. It does

not follow that there is any boldness.

There is simply an absence of prudery.

THE RIDING BOOT, NEW YORK STYLE.

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## THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1890.

They say that anti-pyrene affects the action

of the heart and that quinine is occasionally

objectionable. They tell you to possess your

soul in patience and to look persistently

cheerful, for the remedies for this

present state of discomfort are numerous and

often inflexible. I have one that leads them

all. I am unselfish and I am going to give it

to the world, for I live to be a benefactor of

some kind. Last night I was miserably

cathartical and bronchially depressed. I put

on a clean collar of white and saw William H.

Crane in "The Senator," at the Star

Theatre. This morning I feel as a babe who

has had soothing syrup. You are at liberty

to use this testimonial, dear sir, and when

this reaches you, you can, if you like, send

me some of your remedy. It is invaluable.

"The Senator" at the Star Theatre was a

brilliant success. The words have been

very seldom used this season. In fact, I

began to believe that I had heard said very

frequently, that New York audiences are

hypercritical. A casual observer might,

perhaps, be inclined to think this. The

factories have been many, the

audience has been small, and the

production as "The Senator," after having

been a huge house in colonial throng of laughter;

after having viewed old gloves in rage and

tatters, there is only one inference possible—

that New York knows a good thing when it

sees one, and reserves its appreciation for

seasons.

"The Senator" is from the pen of the late

David B. Lloyd and the present Sydney

Jensenfield. It tells the story of a typical

American Senator, no coarse burlesque of

this type, but a capital drawn character-

ization just tinged—no more than tinged—

with exaggeration. The gentleman is a

man of mature years, with a number of

years in the Senate, and is a man of

striking character, artistically introduced,

and breezy with unconventional life. Of

course the episodes of Washington life were

planned by the late Mr. Lloyd; the "book"

came from the pen of Mr. Jensenfield, and

this "book" is simply a full, full of the

most sparkling and original, and with

felicitous points. I have seen no play this

season so admirably written, so permeated

with sentimentality. There is not a dull

line in the whole performance; not a single

departure from the most perfect taste.

"Remember, says Josie, 'that I am

but a child."

"There are no children in this country,"

remarks the Senator. "They are ob-

solete."

On another occasion he reproves the

bubble-blowing Josie